

**THE VALLEY OF  
ANDORRE: A COMIC  
OPERA IN THREE ACTS**

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The valley of Andorre: a comic opera in three acts by M. de St. Georges

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**M. DE ST. GEORGES**

**THE VALLEY OF  
ANDORRE: A COMIC  
OPERA IN THREE ACTS**



THE  
VALLEY OF ANDORRE.

A COMIC OPERA,  
IN THREE ACTS.

THE WORDS ADAPTED FROM THE LAST NEW WORK OF  
M. DE ST. GEORGES.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY . . . HALEVY.

REPRESENTED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AMERICA,  
AT NIBLO'S GARDEN,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

MR. W. HARRISON,

ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 15TH, 1856.

PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

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1856.

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HARVARD COLLEGE . . .  
FROM  
THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
1818

## THE VALLEY OF ANDORRE.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Stephan, ( <i>a young Chasseur of the Pyrenees,</i> ) . . .	MR. REEVES.
Tête-de-Bois, ( <i>Water-bailiff of the Gave,</i> ) . . .	MR. HORNCASTLE.
Jacques Sincère, ( <i>an old Hunter,</i> ) . . . . .	MR. GUILMETTE.
L'Endormi, ( <i>a Sergeant,</i> ) . . . . .	MR. WYNN.
AND	
Le Joyeux, ( <i>a Recruiting Captain,</i> ) . . . . .	MR. W. HARRISON.
<i>As originally performed by him in London.</i>	
Therese, ( <i>Proprietress of a Farm in the valley of Andorre,</i> ) . . . . .	
Georgette, ( <i>a rich Heiress, Cousin to Stephan,</i> )	MISS PYNE.
AND	
Rose de Mai, ( <i>Therese's Servant,</i> ) . . . . .	MISS LOUISE PYNE.
<i>As originally performed by her in London.</i>	
The Syndic, . . . . .	MR. R. LATTEH.
Peasants, Male and Female . . . . .	
Soldiers, . . . . .	
Reapers, . . . . .	
Magistrates, . . . . .	
Recruits, etc., . . . . .	

The action takes place during the reign of Louis XV, in the valley of Andorre, on the frontiers of France and Spain.

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Entered according to an Act of Congress, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-six, by  
W. HAZARDER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

# THE VALLEY OF ANDORRE.

## ACT. I.

SCENE I.—*A Picturesque Site in the valley of Andorre, among the Pyrennees. The entrance to THERESA's Farm on one side. A slight barrier across the back, separating the court-yard from the road. Male and Female Villagers discovered. THERESA giving them wine.*

### INTRODUCTION.

Gay reapers all, shoulder your sickles,  
For harvest work this is the day ;  
O'er us the sun is brightly shining,  
With merry song then let's away.

*Enter GEORGETTE, surrounded by young reapers in their holiday dresses.*

*Theresa.* Look, neighbors ! here comes the ever fascinating Georgette, elected to-day, Queen of the Reapers. She is tolerably handsome, certainly—*(aside)*—but a most intolerable coquette, as all our young bachelors have found out, to their cost and mortification.

*Georgette.* Friends and neighbors ! As in compliance with an old basque custom, you have chosen me to reign as queen over you all ; I thank you most gratefully, and here vow to prove a merciful and just sovereign.

### AIR—*Georgette and Chorus.*

*Georg.* This, my fair empire,  
Nor care, nor sorrow,  
Doth e'er invade.  
My crown I gather,  
Its gems I borrow,  
From Flora's glade.

My throne, the corn-field lustre lends,  
And all my subjects are my friends.

*Chorus.* In her fair empire, &c.

### SOLO.

*Georg.* Now go ; and, if while at your labor  
Two lovers quarrelling you should view ;  
Return and fetch your royal sovereign,  
For she is queen of lovers too.  
And, in the field, for the poor gleaners  
You'll now and then some ears let fall ;  
Unto yourselves 'twill bring good fortune,  
'Tis commanded by "The Lord of all."  
For with cold winter there comes suff'ring,  
Which 'tis our duty to relieve ;  
Thrice happy he who hath the power,  
For "more bless'd 'tis to give than to receive !"  
This, my fair empire, &c.

*Reprise of Chorus*

Gay reapers all, &amp;c. &amp;c.

[*At end of Introduction the reapers exeunt.*]*Enter TETE-DE-BOIS.*

*Tete.* Health and long life to the handsome Theresa—the prettiest widow in the valley of Andorre!

*Theresa.* Your servant, Mr. Tete-de-Bois.

*Tete.* My profoundest homage to the charming Georgette too—the queen of the reaping field! Ah! spring time and summer (*looking at each alternately*); the lily and the violet.

*Theresa.* You've come, I suppose, Mr. Tete-de-Bois, from your uncle for my farm rents? The cash is all ready for you. Three thousand livres, in good louis'd'ors, safely locked up in my money box.

*Tete.* I do not, on this occasion, come from my respectable uncle, bewitching Theresa, but from myself; I made this call, not to touch your louis'd'ors, but, if possible, your heart.

*Theresa.* Pahaw! stuff and nonsense! You're in love with everybody—at least you say so.

*Tete.* I must be married without delay; I must indeed—tomorrow—to-day, if possible.

*Geor.* Bless my heart and soul! what a hurry you're in.

*Theresa.* And may we ask the reason why?

*Tete.* That's a secret! I have my reasons. True, if I were to listen to that old sorcerer, Jacques Sincere, he would fain persuade me that 'tis to you, handsome Theresa, I ought to pay my court.

*Theresa.* Really I——

*Tete.* Yes, "you've a very good chance with the widow," said he to me.

*Theresa.* Oh! he said that, did he?

*Tete.* Yes, and he let out that you had a hidden affection for somebody, but that he couldn't tell who, without making an examination of the lines of your hand.

*Theresa (agitated).* Jacques is a stupid old fool.

*Geor.* He is never deceived, tho', for all that.

*Tete.* Then, lovely Georgette, you also have a concealed affection.

*Geor.* Me! upon my word, sir——

*Tete.* The old sorcerer told me so.

*Geor. (vexed).* Oh, this is too much!

*Theresa.* I should like to hear him dare to say such a thing of me to my face.

*Tete.* Lord bless you, he'd do it with pleasure, I'm sure.



He's afraid of nobody! eh—hark! I hear his old song. As I live, here he comes!

*Enter JACQUES.*

CHANZONETTE.

*Jacques.* Here's the sorcerer bold,  
'Gainst whom none dare lift a finger,  
Here's the Hunter old,  
Who still on earth doth linger.  
Counsel from the stars I give,  
Hither come all ye  
Who'd gain knowledge how to live  
Happily like me.

Here's the sorcerer bold, &c.

Of our smiling valley  
The secrets I know,  
Tho' all oft I rally,  
I have not a foe.  
Those who pine in sorrow  
In my aid confide,  
Lovers who'd be happy,  
Seek in me a guide.

Here's the sorcerer bold, &c.

You star is my watch tow'r,  
Shimmering high in air,  
And all man requireth,  
He will find e'en there.

*Jacq.* I've come to breakfast with you, Theresa; this is your day.

*Theresa.* You're always welcome, Jacques; and if your protégée, Rose, were here, she should get it ready for you; but she has been out, running about in the fields, ever since daybreak.

*Jacq.* Well, well, don't be harsh with her, Theresa. Poor little thing! well do I recollect the day when your predecessor in this farm found her, then a helpless infant, lying under a hedge at the foot of a wild rose bush. 'Twas from that she got the name of Rose de Mai. I'm very much attached to her, and never so happy as when I'm by her side.

*Theresa.* It is your own fault that you're not always by her side, master Jacques; for I've offered you a room in the farm house a thousand times.

*Jacq.* Yes, yes, but I like my own apartment better. I've an immense palace, with a ceiling of azure, all studded with diamonds, and a beautiful bed of flowers to repose on, which the breeze shakes up to a perfection every morning.

*Tete.* A very large, handsome room, I should think, if your account of it be true.

*Theresa.* Besides, it makes one more independent when one is indebted to nobody.

*Geor.* One can then talk about one's neighbors just as one pleases.

*Jacq.* (after looking from one to the other.) Ah, ah! I see how it is; that gabbler, Tete-de-Bois, has been——

*Tete.* (interrupting.) Gabbler! Really, father Sincère, this epithet——

*Jacq.* He has been telling you that he wants to get married.

*Theresa.* Yes, as quickly as possible.

*Jacq.* (jeeringly.) And did he inform you what was his reason for this haste?

*Tete.* Mr. Hunter, that's my secret.

*Jacq.* And if you had confided it to me I should not have said a word about the matter; but as I found it out myself, it belongs to me, and I've a right to make use of it.

*Tete.* (aside.) This old sorcerer is the devil himself, I do believe.

*Jacq.* So thus it stands. Folks are talking of a levy, to recruit the armies of His Majesty Louis XV; and as married men alone are exempt, why this it is, I fancy, which makes our friend so anxious to take to himself a wife.

*Theresa* (laughing.) As a matter of prudent calculation, eh?

*Tete.* No, charming widow, upon my word.

*Geor.* (laughing.) As a matter of bravery then?

*Tete.* No, lovely Georgette, from admiration of your charms; and, if father Jacques is deceived, if you really don't love anybody, and either of you would——

*Jacq.* Me deceived? I'm never deceived, boy! There is love in both their hearts—I see it clearly.

*Theresa.* (jeeringly.) And pray does father Jacques know the object of this secret passion?

*Geor.* (jeeringly.) Of this hidden affection?

*Jacq.* As to that, if you'll each of you place one of your pretty little hands in mine for a few moments, I shall soon know what answer to give you, depend upon it.

*Tete.* Oh, give him your hands. Let him have a look, do, pray do, ladies. I'm dying to know what fate has in store for me.

*Theresa.* Well, if it be to oblige you, I haven't the slightest objection.

*Geor.* Nor I.

*Jacq.* Remember, I can read the inmost thoughts of every

woman's mind; can track and trace their subtlest wiles. In short, turn their fickle hearts inside out.

*Theresa. (aside.)* The impudent old monster!

*Geor. (aside.)* Impertinent, prying wretch!

*Tete-de-Bois. (aside.)* What a miraculous faculty—what a wonderful investigator! Now I shall learn the truth.

*Theresa.* To the proof—here's my hand!

*Jacq. (taking it.)* Aha! here is a line that says, I have a charming young fellow in my eye.

*Theresa.* Of fair complexion.

*Jacq.* No—this youth is dark; his eyes are bugle black—his presence noble. Am I right?

*Theresa. (aside.)* My Stephan to a hair.

*Tete.* Who can this swarthy Adonis be?

*Jacq.* And now your hand, my pretty Georgette.

*Geor.* Take it if you dare.

*Jacq. (taking it.)* Dare! Aha! you, too, have a very charming young fellow in your eye.

*Geor.* A blonde, of course?

*Jacq.* No, this youth is dark; his eyes are bugle black, his presence noble. Am I right?

*Geor.* 'Tis he himself!

*Tete. (aside.)* Why the pictures are exactly alike! Who can he be? Dark chap—bugle black eyes—presence noble—why certainly, what a fool I am! 'Tis I myself—I!

*Jacq.* Now will I solve the problem. The youth whom Theresa loves with so much ardor, is the young hunter, Stephan!

*Theresa.* He is a conjurer!

*Jacq.* And the youth who loves Georgette with so much ardor is also Stephan the young hunter.

*Theresa.* I am almost mad with rage.

*Geor.* Pray be calm good dame Theresa, for Stephan has often told me that he likes you amazingly, only that, between ourselves, you are rather run to seed.

*Theresa. (aside.)* Impudent minx! And I know, of course, that he gives you the preference, tho' he has often told me that a vainer coquette, or a more vixenish shrew, he never encountered than the beautiful Georgette. *(Aside.)* Oh, I could scratch her eyes out, if she had four of them.

*Tete.* What a fascinating rascal I must be; they are ready to pull caps for me.

*Geor.* Adieu, madame, and accept my best thanks for your kind information.

[Exit with Tete.]